

TO LIVE FOR

written by

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EXT. LAKESIDE - NIGHT

It's a beautiful night out. The moon is full, the stars are shining... couldn't ask for a better night to kill yourself.

TAYLOR HIGGINS, 17, stands on the edge of a dock that extends out into a large lake. She wears a crude harness of rope, tied to several weights, which she carries.

Tears streak her makeup. She sniffs, chokes back a sob.

TAYLOR (V.O.)
I imagined my suicide as an
elegant, dignified affair.

Taylor leans over the edge, looks into the water - she instinctively steps back, then forces herself to lean over again.

TAYLOR
Oh god.

TAYLOR (V.O.)
I had my clothes picked out -
tasteful, modest, but still showed
off what they needed to. Letter to
each of my parents, individually,
maybe one to be read at school.

Shouting in the distance behind her - she doesn't look, just scoots closer to the edge.

Fails to stop the next sob.

TAYLOR
Oh god!

TAYLOR (V.O.)
I'm not an asshole. I knew people
would be upset, especially with
things going so not according to
plan.

She looks forward, out towards the sparkling lake.

Closes her eyes.

Steps forward.

CUT TO:

BLACK SCREEN

TAYLOR (V.O.)
But this wasn't about them.

Hip hop plays, something good. Arrogantly good, like Jay Z. Dirt Off Your Shoulder, maybe, or Big Pimpin'.

INT. SADDLEVIEW HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Taylor marches through the hallway. She's the queen bee and she knows it.

SUPER: TAYLOR / HOT SHIT

Taylor walks past a stream of students pouring out of a classroom.

One of the students, LEN CARTER, 17, falls in line behind her. Her hair does exactly what she tells it to, when she tells it to.

TAYLOR
We good?

LEN
We're great.

TAYLOR
Good.

SUPER: LEN / THE BEST FRIEND

They move through the hallways like the royalty they are. Taylor greets another girl they pass, they laugh, then move on.

They walk past STELLA, 16. Stella only dresses from Goodwill or Salvation Army, but she does it pretty well. In a school without Taylor Higgins, she'd probably be okay.

This school has Taylor Higgins.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)
Ooh, Stella, looking good. Nobody makes "thrift store" look "Marshalls" like you.

Len laughs like a good lackey.

Stella puts up a front, but is clearly upset.

STELLA
Suck my dick, Taylor.

TAYLOR
You wish.

She moves on.

EXT. SADDLEVIEW HIGH SCHOOL - CONTINUOUS

Outside they're met by HANNAH HIGGINS, Taylor's twin sister. She's got Taylor's confidence without her arrogance - she's happy to follow, she's got too much shit on her plate to worry about who's hot and who's not.

HANNAH
Hey guys.

TAYLOR
How was Theater?

HANNAH
Theatre's Tuesdays and Thursdays.
Today was Programming.

SUPER: HANNAH / THE GOOD TWIN

Taylor laughs, rolls her eyes.

TAYLOR
And how was it?

HANNAH
Fine. We're working on-

LEN
Oh god, it's these assholes.

The trio moves past a group of guys who check them out. Taylor very deliberately looks away; Len looks right at them, gives them a wink; and Hannah looks around, trying to figure out who Len was talking about.

They walk past WYATT TIMM, 17, the hottest guy in school, hanging out with his friends. He's got a tattoo of a cross on his bicep.

Len waves to him, talks a little too sweetly.

LEN (CONT'D)
Hey Wyatt.

Taylor shoots her a look. She noticed.

TAYLOR

Hey Len.
 (to Taylor)
 Hey babe.

SUPER: WYATT / THE BOYFRIEND

WYATT

Hey babe.

He turns back to his friends.

Taylor waits, expecting something.

Beat. She coughs.

Wyatt takes the hint, kisses her cheek.

TAYLOR

There we go.

WYATT

I'll see you tonight?

Taylor giggles.

TAYLOR

Cross your fingers.

She moves on. Hannah and Len follow.

HANNAH

Tonight?

LEN

The Knights game.

HANNAH

That's tonight?

TAYLOR

You have something else?

HANNAH

Yeah, actually. Ballet is-

Taylor groans.

TAYLOR

This is like, the third thing in a row you've blown off. You left halfway through our birthday party.

Hannah groans - it's the exact same as Taylor's groan.

HANNAH

Because you turned into this big thing and it wasn't my sort of thing.

TAYLOR

Sorry for throwing too good a party.

HANNAH

Whatever.

Sigh.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

I guess I can miss one ballet class.

TAYLOR

Really?

Taylor's genuinely happy.

HANNAH

Yeah, it's whatever. I'm like, the worst in the class anyway, my instructor will probably be so happy she can pay any attention to the other girls for once.

LEN

Oh, whatever. I've seen you dance.

TAYLOR

(singsong)

So has Aaron.

Hannah laughs, looks away.

HANNAH

Whatever, shut up.

LEN

So anyway, tweedles; if I don't finish that stupid project my mom won't let me go to the game.

TAYLOR

Are you being serious right now?

Len just makes a face.

HANNAH
I'm not helping this time. I've got
my own homework.

TAYLOR
Oh hell no. You're on your own.

Len groans.

LEN
You can not make me do this all by
myself.

But Taylor and Hannah are already walking away.

EXT. HIGGINS' HOUSE - DAY

Beautiful, massive house with an immaculate lawn.

Taylor and Hannah drive up in their Jeep.

INT. HANNAH'S ROOM - DAY

Hannah's room is a mess. There's papers covering her computer desk and half her floor, and her bed is pretty much just a mound of blankets and pillows.

There are shelves with pictures and trophies that have been co-opted into being bookshelves - of course, with no organizational scheme.

Hannah sits at her computer playing The Sims.

Taylor walks in with a sandwich.

TAYLOR
Gross. How do you live in here?

No response. Taylor notices what Hannah's doing.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)
You've got your own homework?

Hannah shrugs.

Taylor rolls her eyes, walks over and leans over Hannah's shoulder.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)
This is the game where you play
people living a normal life?

HANNAH

It's not just... yeah, but-

TAYLOR

I'm surprised they don't all just blow their brains out. This is, so dumb.

Taylor punctuates her sentences with dramatic gestures.

Hannah spins on Taylor; Taylor backs up.

HANNAH

Nobody asked you, okay? Let me live my life!

TAYLOR

I'm trying to make you get a life!

HANNAH

Oh my god. I'm so done with this conversation.

TAYLOR

Sometimes I wonder if we're even related.

Hannah just goes back to her game.

Taylor rolls her eyes, leaves the room.

INT. TAYLOR'S ROOM - DAY

Taylor's room is a monument to order and structure. Her desk has color-coded folders for homework and whatever else, her books are arranged by color, and her bed has hospital corners.

She collapses on her bed, pulls out her phone. Texts Wyatt.

"I'm so ducking bored"

Beat.

"What are you doooooing."

She pulls up Facebook. Sees a post from Len, 15 minutes ago.

It's a picture of Len, wearing a way lower cut shirt than she was earlier, at Starbucks, with Wyatt. "Homework is for losers #guessimaloser #straightAsbitches"

TAYLOR
What the eff.

She texts Len. "What the hell are you doing with Wyatt?"

Beat. A response.

"You guys wouldn't help so he offered"

"before or after you changed into your hooker shirt???"

"I don't even know what you're talking about and I'm busy so w/e bye"

Taylor bolts up. Yells.

EXT. PIZZA PALACE - DAY

A very, very underpaid MANAGER answers the phone.

MANAGER
Pizza palace.

Resignation on his face. Oh god.

MANAGER (CONT'D)
Hi, Taylor. No, Wyatt's not coming in today, he traded with Heike.

A silent sob.

MANAGER (CONT'D)
Taylor, I can't-

Beat.

MANAGER (CONT'D)
No, this isn't-

Beat. Surprise.

MANAGER (CONT'D)
That's a little far, even for-

Beat.

MANAGER (CONT'D)
You're absolutely right. I'll get right on it.

He hangs up the phone. Sighs.

EXT. STARBUCKS - DAY

Wyatt and Len sit just inside the front window. Wyatt coaches Len, who ignores everything he says.

Taylor's car SWERVES into a parking spot looking directly at them.

Taylor GLARES PURE DEATH at them.

INT. STARBUCKS - CONTINUOUS

Len notices Taylor before Wyatt. Len freezes, like a deer caught in the headlights.

Wyatt looks at what she's looking at, sees Taylor. He's confused.

WYATT

Taylor?

EXT. STARBUCKS - DAY

Taylor has Wyatt verbally pinned against the wall.

TAYLOR

...And yet when I was busy planning my birthday party you mysteriously couldn't find anybody to cover for you with two days notice?!

WYATT

I tried, Taylor, but it's not just up to-

TAYLOR

I don't even care! I don't even care!

WYATT

I know you don't! God, Taylor, you know I actually thought I was doing you a favor?

Taylor scoffs.

TAYLOR

You thought you were doing me a favor? Because it was me in there flashing my assets around?

WYATT

Uh, because Len is your best friend and I figured you wanted her to be able to come to the game? She said you were too busy to help, but that was clearly a lie!

TAYLOR

I never told her I was busy, I just told her I wouldn't help!

WYATT

Wow, you're such a helpful person!

Taylor groans.

TAYLOR

You're twisting this to be about me instead of YOU!

WYATT

Funny, you're normally upset if you're not the center of attention.

TAYLOR

Oh. My. God. I'm so done.

She walks to her car.

WYATT

There you go, Taylor! Whenever you're not winning, just walk away!

She hops in, flips him the bird, and drives away, keeping the bird up until she's out of sight.

Len walks outside.

LEN

What was her problem, am I right?

Gives her a look: "What the hell?"

INT./EXT. TAYLOR'S CAR - DAY

Taylor pulls into some random strip mall parking lot.

She yells, hits the steering wheel.

She collapses, face against the wheel.

Beat.

She sits up.

TAYLOR
No. No, no, no.

She takes a breath. Collects herself.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)
This is not how today is going to
end.

INT. HANNAH'S ROOM - DAY

Hannah's still playing The Sims.

Taylor walks in with her laptop.

TAYLOR
So tell me what the hell I'm
supposed to be doing.

Hannah gives her a look.

HANNAH
What?

Taylor turns the laptop so she can see: She's playing The Sims too.

TAYLOR
I bought your dumb game.

Hannah's not sure what to think.

HANNAH
Um, and?

Taylor takes a breath. Shakes her head.

TAYLOR
Sorry. I bought your... strange
game. I don't... we're twins,
right? If you like it...

She sits on Hannah's bed.

Hannah chills.

HANNAH
Okay. Okay.

She gets up, sits next to Taylor.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

First, you're gonna need to make your family.

LATER:

Taylor and Hannah lie next to each other on the bed, looking at Taylor's laptop.

TAYLOR

Nooo, no no no, why are you peeing?! Who does that?

Hannah laughs. Taylor laughs too.

HANNAH

Isn't it about time to go?

TAYLOR

What? What time is... Holy shit!

She jumps up.

INT./EXT. TAYLOR'S CAR - EVENING

Taylor and Hannah arrive at Len's house. Taylor HONKS.

HANNAH

She did not.

TAYLOR

She did.

HANNAH

Oh god, Len. It's like she doesn't even-

Len runs up, hops in the car like nothing's wrong.

Taylor stares at her.

LEN

...What?

TAYLOR

How long have we been friends, Len?

Len hides her discomfort poorly.

LEN

Look, Taylor, I wasn't... I just needed help with my...

Hannah bites her tongue.

TAYLOR
Yeah-huh.

She sighs.

LEN
...I'm sorry.

Beat.

LEN (CONT'D)
But you **know** I've had a thing for Wyatt and I told you when you started dating him that I might not be able to control myself and he's just so...

Taylor and Hannah share a look as Len rambles. "Typical Len."
They drive off.

EXT. SADDLEVIEW HIGH SCHOOL - EVENING

Taylor, Hannah, and Len walk up to the school. Taylor looks at her phone.

TAYLOR
Nah, he says he's out front...

They look. Hannah sees Wyatt, waves at him.

He walks to Taylor, cautious.

WYATT
(probing)
Hey...

She sighs.

TAYLOR
I'm sorry about earlier. You were trying to do me a favor and I appreciate it.

She kisses him. Len rolls her eyes.

LEN
Alright let's goooo.

INT. BASKETBALL COURT - NIGHT

Taylor, Wyatt, Hannah and Len sit on the bleachers watching the school basketball game.

Their team has a rough go of it at the beginning, but when they rally to win at the end, the crowd goes CRAZY.

EXT. SADDLEVIEW HIGH SCHOOL - NIGHT

The four of them leave the school, elated.

HANNAH

...And then when he went for that three-pointer, I was like, "Oh holy shit what an idiot," but then it just slid in!

TAYLOR

Aren't you glad you came?

Hannah groans.

HANNAH

Yes, mom.

Taylor smiles. Very "I told you so."

WYATT

Hey, a bunch of people are going to like Derby's or something, they've got those \$5 appetizers.

Taylor nods.

TAYLOR

Let's do it.

They head to the parking lot.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. INTERSECTION - NIGHT

Taylor's car is upside-down in the middle of the intersection, crumpled like it was made of aluminum foil.

The 18-wheeler that hit it is stopped nearby, its cab all smashed up.

Beat.

A long, long beat.

Taylor's voice is weak, but you can hear the tremendous effort it takes her to speak at all.

TAYLOR (O.S.)
Help...

Beat.

FADE TO:

BLACK SCREEN

PROFESSIONAL VOICE
...The truck just couldn't stop in
time. I'm so sorry.

Muted sobs.

SLOW FADE IN:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

BEEPING.

Taylor lies in a hospital bed. She looks like somebody wailed on her with a lead pipe. She's covered in bandages and has a couple tubes sticking out of her.

CYNTHIA HIGGINS, 38, sits next to her, holding her hand. She hasn't slept in a week.

It takes her a beat to realize Taylor is awake.

CYNTHIA
Taylor? Taylor?

TAYLOR
(quiet, weak)
...mom...

Cynthia bursts into tears, hugs Taylor.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)
...What happened?

Cynthia can't respond.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)
Mom?

Cynthia sits up. Collects herself as much as she can.

CYNTHIA
 You were... you were in an
 accident, honey. You're lucky to be
 alive.

Taylor nods; this makes sense.

TAYLOR
 Hannah?

Cynthia does her best not to cry harder.

Taylor chokes up.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)
 Mom?

Cynthia shakes her head.

Taylor coughs out a sob.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)
 Len? Wyatt?

CYNTHIA
 I'm so sorry. I'm so sorry.

Taylor breaks down.

Cynthia bursts into tears.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)
 I'm so sorry. I'm so sorry.

EXT. HIGGINS' HOUSE - DAY

Cynthia helps Taylor out of the car while Taylor's father,
 ANDREW HIGGINS, 38, grabs her crutches from the trunk.

Andrew gives Taylor her crutches, and she hobbles up to the
 house.

INT. HIGGINS' KITCHEN - DAY

Taylor gets to the kitchen table, sits down.

Andrew grabs a beer from the fridge and sits next to her.

He thinks... offers it to Taylor.

She shakes her head.

CYNTHIA

Are you hungry? Do you want a sandwich or something?

Taylor's eyes water. She shakes her head.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)

I can get you a drink? Do you want help getting upstairs? I can-

TAYLOR

(barely holding it together)

I'm fine.

ANDREW

Are you sure? Anything at all-

Taylor starts crying.

TAYLOR

Oh my god! I'm fine.

She struggles to her feet. Andrew tries to help her with her crutches, but she pushes him away.

Pushing him destabilizes her, and he has to catch her.

As soon as she's steady, she shrugs him off and hobbles to the stairs.

INT. TAYLOR'S ROOM - DAY

Taylor lies on her bed. She stares at the ceiling as day turns to sunset and then night.

She looks at the clock. It's 2AM now.

She struggles to her feet.

INT. HANNAH'S ROOM - NIGHT

Hannah's room is untouched. Nothing is different.

Taylor tries not to break anything on the floor with her crutches as she makes her way to the bed.

She crawls onto the bed and cries.

INT. HIGGINS' KITCHEN - DAY

Cynthia cooks breakfast - ham and eggs. Andrew's just about finished his.

Taylor enters, sits at the table. Cynthia puts a plate in front of her.

TAYLOR
I'm not hungry.

Cynthia hesitates. Shares a look with Andrew.

Andrew shrugs. Cynthia takes the plate back.

ANDREW
We're gonna make you eat eventually.

TAYLOR
I'll be hungry eventually.

Andrew nods.

Cynthia gives a pointed look to Andrew. He nods, coughs.

ANDREW
So. You, uh... you missed the funerals.

Taylor gets misty-eyed, but is otherwise stoic.

ANDREW (CONT'D)
We... we recorded them for you, if you want to watch. To be honest, I don't think I would, but...

CYNTHIA
And we can take you to the...

Beat as she holds it together.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)
We can take you to the cemeteries if you want. Len is...

Another breath. She looks at Andrew. He shakes his head; he's almost crying again himself.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)
Len is near Hannah, but Wyatt is in another one across town.

She looks away. Head in her hands.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)
(to herself)
God. Jesus.

Taylor still hasn't reacted.

ANDREW
Do you think that's something you'd
want to do?

Beat.

Taylor shakes her head.

ANDREW (CONT'D)
I really think it'd be... I think
it'd be good for you. Eventually.

TAYLOR
Then maybe I will eventually! Holy
shit just leave me alone!

An awkward beat.

Taylor coughs.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)
Maybe just... like, just one egg.

Cynthia hurries to get her plate again.

INT. CYNTHIA AND ANDREW'S ROOM - NIGHT

Andrew lies in bed reading "Parenting a Grieving Child."

Cynthia climbs in next to him, snuggles up to him.

ANDREW
I think she's in Hannah's room
again.

Cynthia grunts.

ANDREW (CONT'D)
Do you think that's okay? I'm
worried that's not okay.

CYNTHIA
They were twins. I can't... we
don't have any relationships like
that. I didn't even have a sister.

ANDREW

God. I wouldn't know what to do
even if they weren't twins.

Beat.

INT. HANNAH'S ROOM - DAY

Taylor sits at Hannah's computer, playing The Sims.

Cynthia walks in the open door, knocks as she does.

CYNTHIA

Hey.

TAYLOR

Hey.

Cynthia sits on the edge of the bed.

CYNTHIA

I think it's time we talked about
school.

Taylor sighs, keeps playing.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)

First, I want to tell you
everything is on the table right
now. If you just want to stop now
and do another year, we can talk
about it. I'm not saying it'll
happen, but-

TAYLOR

I want to go back.

Cynthia nods.

CYNTHIA

Okay. That's great. I've already
talked to your teachers about
homework, and they said-

TAYLOR

They emailed it to me. I'm working
on it.

She points at a printer in the corner. A neat stack of papers
sits next to it.

Cynthia's surprised.

CYNTHIA

Oh. Okay. Um, that's... that's good, I guess.

TAYLOR

So I'll go tomorrow?

CYNTHIA

Yeah. Yeah. But listen, the school counselor wants you to know her door is always open, and she gave us-

TAYLOR

Cool. Got it.

Beat.

Cynthia gets up.

CYNTHIA

Uh... Dinner should be ready in half an hour.

No response.

She leaves.

INT. SADDLEVIEW HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Kids mill about the hallway, business as usual.

A CLATTERING at the door: It's Taylor, trying to get in with her crutches.

The MURMURS and WHISPERS start immediately. Generally people look sorry for her, but there are a few people glad to see her knocked down a couple pegs.

Taylor hobbles down the hallway, head down, just focused on getting to her locker.

Stella stands next to her locker.

Taylor ignores her, tries to figure out how to get her bags into her backpack while on crutches.

Stella groans.

STELLA

Let me.

She shoves Taylor aside, grabs a book.

STELLA (CONT'D)
You have math and history next,
yeah?

Beat.

Stella waits. Taylor nods.

Stella puts the appropriate books in Taylor's bag.

TAYLOR
I have socks worth more than your
entire outfit.

STELLA
And?

Beat. Taylor's not used to needing help.

Getting help, sure. But not needing it.

TAYLOR
...This doesn't make us friends.

STELLA
Good. Last I heard you kill your
friends.

What the fuck? Who says that?

STELLA (CONT'D)
Shit, Taylor. I'm sorry. That was-
Taylor's already hobbling away.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Taylor hobbles into class, over to the back corner.

There's a KID already sitting in the corner.

TAYLOR
You're in my seat.

The kid looks at her like she's crazy.

KID
You're up there.

Gestures at an open seat near the front.

Taylor just stares at him.

He looks around.

KID (CONT'D)
(pleading)
My friends are all back here.

Taylor keeps staring.

He mutters under his breath. Grabs his stuff and moves.

Taylor sits, just stares out the window.

INT. CAFETERIA - DAY

Taylor sits at a table alone.

An aspiring COOL GIRL notices her. Thinks hard.

She gets up, walks over. Sits across from Taylor.

Taylor stares at her.

COOL GIRL
Hey. You're Taylor, right? I'm-

Taylor shoves the girl's tray off the table.

The girl is startled. She doesn't know what to do.

Taylor keeps eating.

The girl gets up, tears in her eyes.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Taylor sits in a bathroom stall, sobbing.

Someone else walks in. She stops, waits.

The someone else pees in the stall next to her.

Washes their hands.

Leaves.

Taylor cries more.

INT. SADDLEVIEW HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Taylor hobbles down the hallway. Sees MR. REED, 55, at the other end of the hallway.

She turns around and tries to hurry around a corner, but he sees her.

MR. REED
Taylor! Hold on a minute!

Taylor sighs. Waits.

Mr. Reed comes up to her.

MR. REED (CONT'D)
I've been looking for you all day.
You doing okay?

TAYLOR
(deadpan)
I'm great.

MR. REED
Good, I'm glad to hear it. Listen,
I'm here for you, anything you
need. It doesn't have to be
anything serious; if you just want
to palaver about the weather, my
door is always open, okay?

TAYLOR
I gotta get to class.

She tries to move past him.

MR. REED
(stern)
Taylor.

Taylor's a little startled.

MR. REED (CONT'D)
My door is always open. Okay?

TAYLOR
...Okay...

Mr. Reed nods, satisfied.

MR. REED
You need anyone to help with your
books or anything?

TAYLOR
I really gotta get to class.

MR. REED
Sure, sure.

He steps aside, and she moves on past him.

EXT. SADDLEVIEW HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Taylor leaves school. Walks past the steps where Wyatt's friends are hanging out.

They stare at her. There's too much emotion there for any of them to say anything.

Taylor keeps moving.

Her mom pulls up. HONKS.

INT./EXT. CYNTHIA'S CAR - DAY

Taylor slumps in the passenger seat as Cynthia drives.

CYNTHIA

How was it?

Beat.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)

Okay. Listen, if you need-

TAYLOR

Oh my god. I'm not broken.

Cynthia isn't sure how to respond.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

It sucked, okay? School sucks for lots of people. It was weird when I liked it.

CYNTHIA

That's not true, and you know it.

TAYLOR

Whatever.

Cynthia isn't having it.

CYNTHIA

No, okay. No. I know things are hard right now, but-

TAYLOR

They're not friggin hard, okay? They're just school! I don't...

She shifts, faces away.

Cynthia wants to keep talking... but she lets it go.

Beat.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

(quiet)

What happened?

CYNTHIA

What do you mean?

TAYLOR

The accident. I don't... remember much.

A wave of terror washes over Cynthia.

CYNTHIA

It's not... let's leave that in the past, okay?

Taylor nods.

INT. HANNAH'S ROOM - DAY

Taylor sits at Hannah's computer. She searches local news: "car accident broomwood castle."

She sees an article about the accident.

"Four dead in car accident."

She skims the article.

"Local teen Taylor Higgins ran a red light on broomwood..."

Taylor looks nauseous.

"The driver of the truck, Joseph Simpson, died later from his injuries..."

She gags.

Grabs a trash can and throws up.

INT. HIGGINS' BATHROOM - DAY

Taylor stares at herself in the mirror. She's been crying.

Beat.

She opens the mirror, looks at the bottles of medicine.

She grabs some ibuprofen. Puts it back.

Looks at the cough syrup. Groans.

She pulls out her phone. Types "best medicine suicide".

She hesitates.

Backspaces, clears the search bar.

Beat.

She drops her phone (it's got a case, it doesn't break).

Stumbles back to the wall.

Sobs.

INT. SADDLEVIEW HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Taylor moves down the hallway. She's getting used to her crutches now.

She passes Wyatt's friends. Can't meet their gazes.

She gets to her locker. Stella's there again.

Stella sighs.

STELLA

I'm not, like, your helper. But do you need me to get your books again?

Taylor can't look at her. She nods.

Beat.

STELLA (CONT'D)

Uh, you need to open your locker.

Taylor does. Stella grabs her books.

STELLA (CONT'D)

Your backpack?

Taylor shrugs it off. It plops to the floor.

Stella sighs... then examines Taylor.

STELLA (CONT'D)

Are you... you know. Are you okay?

TAYLOR

You still cut yourself?

STELLA

Fuck you.

She drops Taylor's books, turns around.

TAYLOR

Wait.

Stella turns around. She's not pleased.

Taylor looks at her for the first time.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

Did it help?

Stella groans.

Picks up Taylor's bag, and the books she dropped. Puts them in.

STELLA

We're not friends, remember?

She walks away.

INT. CAFETERIA - DAY

Taylor sits at her table alone, not eating.

Stella sees her.

Sighs.

She sits with Taylor.

STELLA

Kind of.

TAYLOR

What does that mean?

STELLA

It means, it helped, like, while I was doing it. But not really before or after. I don't... I don't recommend it.

Taylor opens her mouth to respond.

STELLA (CONT'D)

-And no, I'm not just saying that so you don't do it. I'm just being practical.

Taylor nods.

TAYLOR

Did you find anything that does?

STELLA

I get drunk sometimes. I smoked weed once, but I smoked, like, way too much and threw up and it ruined the whole thing for me. I get nauseous just smelling it now.

Taylor nods.

Stella's pained.

STELLA (CONT'D)

But look, my life is... you don't want to be like that, yeah? You're friggin' Taylor Higgins.

Taylor just looks at her.

Stella sighs.

STELLA (CONT'D)

Whatever. Your life.

She gets up, walks away.

INT. HANNAH'S ROOM - NIGHT

Taylor lounges on Hannah's bed, a half-empty bottle of wine in her hand.

She pokes around on her phone. Takes a swig.

She sighs. Takes a longer swig.

She rolls over, gets off the bed. Sits at Hannah's computer.

She googles "suicide pain"

The top result is the phone number for the Suicide Prevention Hotline.

She plugs the number into her phone.

Chews on her tongue.

Takes a swig of wine.

Stares at her phone.

Puts her phone down.

Googles "does dying hurt"

INT. MR. REED'S OFFICE - DAY

Taylor sits with Mr. Reed. He's droning on; she obviously regrets the decision.

MR. REED

...But what it really comes down to is one simple decision. So I ask you, Taylor, what are you going to choose?

Taylor sighs.

TAYLOR

I don't know.

MR. REED

Come on, Taylor, that's not an answer.

Groan. Beat.

TAYLOR

Can't I, like, think about it?

MR. REED

What's there to think about, Taylor? Do you want to succeed, or don't you?

She rubs her face.

TAYLOR

Fuck it. No. I don't.

Mr. Reed is disappointed in her.

MR. REED

That's not the Taylor Higgins I thought walked into this office.

(MORE)

MR. REED (CONT'D)

I think you walked in here hoping I could help you succeed.

Taylor groans.

EXT. SADDLEVIEW HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Taylor exits Mr. Reed's office. Stella sees her.

STELLA

Ooh. That was a mistake.

Taylor smirks. It's the first time she's smiled.

TAYLOR

Tell me about it.

STELLA

He's not a dick, or anything. He's just out of touch.

TAYLOR

It's more like he's in orbit.

Stella shrugs.

STELLA

My cousin swears Mr. Reed is the only reason he's in college. Which, personally? Made me question how bad I wanted to go to college.

Taylor laughs silently. Really, it's just that her shoulders bounce a little.

STELLA (CONT'D)

I was thinking about your question the other day. And look, I don't-

TAYLOR

It's whatever.

Stella gives her a look.

STELLA

You sure?

TAYLOR

We're not friends, right?

Stella thinks.

STELLA
Yeah. Okay.

Beat.

STELLA (CONT'D)
But if you, like... shit. Like... I don't have a lot of friends, either, okay? So it's not really a wasted effort for me to help you. I got nothing but time.

EXT. BEHIND THE SCHOOL - DAY

Taylor and Stella sit on some steps, skipping class.

STELLA
So can I ask what happened?

Taylor looks at her.

STELLA (CONT'D)
Sheesh, whatever.

Beat.

TAYLOR
It's not complicated. I ran a red light and friggin'... killed everyone. Even the guy who hit us died.

STELLA
Shit. Sucks to be him.

TAYLOR
Right?

STELLA
Sucks to be you, too, I guess.

TAYLOR
Yeah, well, it sucked more to be you up until a week ago, so.

Stella snorts.

STELLA
Screw you. I fucked your mom.

TAYLOR
You should get tested.

Stella laughs.

STELLA

Did you just call your mom a whore?

Taylor smirks.

STELLA (CONT'D)

So but like. It's not your fault?

TAYLOR

How is it not my fault?

Stella looks at the ground.

STELLA

I dunno. But like, you can't blame yourself.

TAYLOR

Not even if it's my fault?

STELLA

Especially if it's your fault. I think you'd snap.

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - DAY

Taylor stands in an aisle, looking at various drugs. She looks at some painkillers.

INT. HIGGINS' BATHROOM - DAY

Taylor looks at herself in the mirror.

She looks at the painkillers in her hand.

Chews on her tongue.

She opens the medicine cabinet. Puts the painkillers inside.

INT. TAYLOR'S ROOM - NIGHT

Taylor lies on her bed, looking at her laptop.

She's searching "kill yourself painkillers"

Reads an article about combining painkillers with alcohol.

"...often fatal, but most cases end in lengthy hospital stays and extensive liver damage..."

She sighs. Closes her laptop. Rolls over.
Stares at the ceiling.

TAYLOR
Shit.

INT. HIGGINS' KITCHEN - NIGHT

Taylor, Cynthia, and Andrew eat dinner.

It's pretty awkward.

Beat.

Andrew clears his throat.

ANDREW
I was thinking we could go to
King's Dominion sometime soon?

CYNTHIA
Ooh, that could be fun. How long
has it been?

ANDREW
At least a year.

CYNTHIA
What do you think, Taylor?

TAYLOR
I think I'd just sit in front of
the park crying. But you two can
go.

Cynthia and Andrew share a look.

ANDREW
No, come on. I think it could be
fun. We're still a family, I want
to do things as a family.

A thought occurs to Taylor. She treads carefully.

TAYLOR
Something else, then.

CYNTHIA
Sure. Of course.

TAYLOR
Something we haven't done before.

ANDREW

Do you have something in mind?

She hesitates.

TAYLOR

...I've always kind of wanted to go hunting.

Cynthia's surprised.

CYNTHIA

Hunting? Why on earth?

Taylor shrugs, trying desperately to look nonchalant. She mostly succeeds

TAYLOR

I dunno. Hannah didn't want to, so I never brought it up.

CYNTHIA

I guess we could...

She looks at Andrew.

He shakes his head.

ANDREW

Hunting's an expensive hobby to get into. There's a lot of licenses, a lot of permits, rifles, ammo...

Taylor nods, then shakes her head.

TAYLOR

Yeah, no, it was just a thought.

ANDREW

If you really want, we can-

TAYLOR

No it's fine. I think I'm done.

She gets to her feet, grabs her crutches.

CYNTHIA

Honey, are you sure?

TAYLOR

I'm fine, I'm just tired.

ANDREW

Look, we can-

TAYLOR
I'm fine, dad!

She leaves.

Cynthia and Andrew share a look.

INT. HIGGINS' BATHROOM - NIGHT

Taylor sits on the toilet, crying quietly. She has a safety razor in her hand.

She holds it to her wrist. Stops.

She pulls off her pants. Holds the razor to the top of her thigh.

She holds her breath. Slices sideways, leaving a thin, clean cut.

She looks at the blood.

Dabs at it with some toilet paper.

She grabs some antiseptic from the medicine cabinet.

Applies it.

It stings! She winces... but kind of likes it.

She looks at the antiseptic.

Applies a little more.

EXT. BEHIND THE SCHOOL - DAY

Taylor and Stella lounge on the steps. Taylor only has one crutch now.

STELLA
I did my wrist once, but it was
kind of scary. I still have a tiny
scar.

She shows Taylor her wrist: two thin scars cross the bottom of her wrist.

STELLA (CONT'D)
After that I switched to my arm,
which is why I don't really wear
tank tops.

She pulls up her sleeve, revealing a huge series of scars on her bicep.

STELLA (CONT'D)

If I was gonna do it again, I'd do it somewhere more hidden. I think a lot of people do it on their thighs. I read one girl cut her boob, which just kind of grossed me out.

TAYLOR

That is nasty.

STELLA

Where did you do it?

TAYLOR

My thigh. Just a little.

Stella nods.

STELLA

Yeah. It's whatever. It help?

Taylor shrugs.

Beat.

TAYLOR

You ever feel like the only thing stopping you from killing yourself is being scared you'll screw it up?

Stella shakes her head.

STELLA

Nah. I'm more scared of succeeding.

Taylor rolls her eyes.

STELLA (CONT'D)

Not like that! I just mean, like...

She pulls her knees to her chest.

STELLA (CONT'D)

Do you believe in hell?

Taylor raises her eyebrows. Considers.

TAYLOR

I don't... I don't think so.

STELLA

I do. Like, not really? Maybe? But enough to scare me.

TAYLOR

I didn't even think about that.

STELLA

Right? Nobody I've talked to has. They're all, "What if it hurts?" or, "What if it doesn't work and I wind up a vegetable or shitting in a bag or something?"

Taylor laughs.

TAYLOR

You talk to a lot of people about why they don't commit suicide?

Stella's suddenly quiet.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

Um?

STELLA

I just meant, like... you know. Whatever.

TAYLOR

Uh, no, I don't know.

Stella sighs.

STELLA

It's just, like, what you hear or whatever.

TAYLOR

Maybe I would've believed that if you weren't acting so weird.

Taylor understands.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

Wait, Stella. Stella, seriously.

Stella bites her lip.

STELLA

Please don't tell anyone. You more than anyone should understand why I'd think about it, and-

Taylor holds up a hand.

TAYLOR
Stella, seriously. What the hell
are you talking about?

Stella looks around.

STELLA
It's just this... club.

TAYLOR
What club?

EXT. PETRA'S HOUSE - DAY

Taylor and Stella stand outside a small house in a quaint neighborhood. The lawn is completely overgrown.

Stella knocks. Beat.

Taylor is nervous.

The door opens, revealing PETRA, 38. She takes care of herself about as well as she takes care of her lawn.

STELLA
Hey Petra, this is the girl I was
telling you about. Taylor, Petra,
Petra, Taylor.

Petra eyes Taylor, nods. Extends her hand.

PETRA
Nice to meet you, I guess. Sorry, I
guess.

Taylor shakes her hand.

TAYLOR
Sorry? ...Oh, uh, yeah.

PETRA
Come on in. You're the first here.

They enter the house.

INT. PETRA'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

In contrast to her yard and herself, the interior of the house is immaculate.

You could rub a white glove along any nook or cranny in the house, and the glove would probably get cleaner.

Taylor and Stella slip their shoes off, sit on a sofa.

PETRA

Can I get you something to drink? I have coffee, tea, lemonade...?

TAYLOR

I'm okay.

STELLA

I'll have some lemonade.

PETRA

Sure.

She heads to the kitchen. Taylor's kind of freaking out.

STELLA

You okay?

TAYLOR

I don't know. I just, maybe this was a mistake.

STELLA

Relax. Nobody's going to force you to do anything. We just kind of sit and talk about it.

TAYLOR

Nobody's actually done it?

STELLA

No. And we've been meeting for like, six months. So chill.

That does relax Taylor - though she's also a little confused now.

Petra returns with a lemonade for Stella and some coffee for herself. She hands Stella the lemonade, then sits across from her and Taylor.

As soon as she sits, someone KNOCKS on the door.

She sighs, gets up, answers it.

It's RYAN, 14. He's got short, curly hair, and wears a nerdy T-shirt.

Taylor's eyes bug out, and she whispers fiercely at Stella.

TAYLOR
(whisper)
What the hell is he doing here?

STELLA
(whisper)
Do you know him?

TAYLOR
No, but he's like, twelve!

Ryan comes inside, ending their whispered conversation.

PETRA
Ryan, this is Stella's friend,
Taylor.

RYAN
Hey.

TAYLOR
Uh, hi.

RYAN
So what brings you here?

He laughs to himself, but Stella and Petra both give him dirty looks.

TAYLOR
Uh...

STELLA
God, Ryan.

RYAN
(not sorry)
Sorry.

STELLA
Gil is usually late, so, this is
everyone for now.

TAYLOR
Okay.

Beat.

Ryan sits down.

Beat.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

What, uh... what normally happens here?

PETRA

Not much. We just kind of... talk about things.

TAYLOR

Like...

Ryan groans.

RYAN

Like, sleeping pills is a no-go.

Petra's disappointed.

PETRA

What happened?

RYAN

My mom's friends talked her into some weird herbal thing, and it's working.

PETRA

That really sucks.

STELLA

(to Taylor)

Ryan was gonna steal his mom's sleeping pills for Petra to OD on.

RYAN

The Doctor was ready to diagnose barbiturates.

PETRA

What am I supposed to do now? Everything is falling through.

Ryan shrugs.

RYAN

I'm telling you, a gun is the way to go.

Petra shudders.

PETRA

No, so not happening.

STELLA

Shut up, Ryan. You're just saying that because you can't get a gun, and you're too chicken to consider anything that might actually happen.

RYAN

Fuck you. I notice you haven't tried anything recently, either.

Stella rolls her eyes.

The door swings open, and GIL, 20, walks in. He has the thinnest, patchiest beard you've ever seen.

GIL

Great news!

They look at him.

He looks at Taylor.

GIL (CONT'D)

Oh, uh.

TAYLOR

I'm Taylor. I'm... new.

He takes a second. Nods.

GIL

Yeah, okay. I'm Gil.

He collapses into a chair.

PETRA

So what's the news?

GIL

I got my hands on \$200 dollars of heroin.

STELLA

Holy shit.

RYAN

No way!

Taylor is immediately uncomfortable.

GIL

That's right.

TAYLOR

You didn't bring it here?

PETRA
How much is that?

GIL
It's a gram, but it's good stuff.
Probably only need a third of that
to OD.

PETRA
And how do you know it's the good
stuff? You have so much experience
with heroin?

Gil rolls his eyes.

GIL
No, but I trust the guy.

PETRA
He's a friend?

GIL
Of a friend.

PETRA
Great. So we'd have to trust the
friend of a friend of a friend.
What if he cut it with something
and it doesn't work?

Gil shrugs, but Petra's making him doubt himself.

GIL
Whatever, I'm sure it's fine.

PETRA
I'm not.

Taylor walks outside.

Stella follows as Gil and Petra keep arguing and Ryan bounces
back and forth, trying to decide whose side to take.

EXT. PETRA'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Taylor sits on the front steps. Stella sits next to her.

TAYLOR
So is that, like, normal?

Stella shrugs.

STELLA

The whole thing devolving into Gil and Petra arguing while Ryan and I just watch? Pretty much.

TAYLOR

No, I mean... uh, heroin.

STELLA

Oh. No, this is, uh... we've talked about it. It's a... pretty effective method. Supposedly.

Taylor nods.

TAYLOR

Yeah, but... I don't want people to think that I... you know.

STELLA

Did heroin.

TAYLOR

Yeah.

STELLA

I guess that's what the note's for.

TAYLOR

Well, if you leave one.

Stella stands up in surprise.

STELLA

What the hell? You're not gonna leave a note?

TAYLOR

I dunno! It just seems-

STELLA

Like a basic friggin' courtesy? Who the hell wouldn't leave a note?

TAYLOR

Uh, someone who's kind of overwhelmed and doesn't know how to function?

STELLA

No. Not an excuse. If you don't leave a note, nobody's going to know what happened or why. They'll all blame themselves.

Taylor turns away.

TAYLOR
Let 'em. Walk a mile in my shoes.

Stella hesitates.

STELLA
Let's go see if we can get Gil and
Petra to shut up, yeah?

TAYLOR
I'm just gonna chill out here a bit
longer.

STELLA
Okay.

Stella heads back inside.

INT. HIGGINS' KITCHEN - NIGHT

Taylor, Cynthia and Andrew sit around the dinner table.

CYNTHIA
Did you have fun today?

Taylor looks at her for a beat.

TAYLOR
...Yeah.

CYNTHIA
What all'd you do? Anything
interesting?

Taylor shrugs.

TAYLOR
Not really. Just hung out.

ANDREW
Have I met Stella?

Taylor shakes her head.

CYNTHIA
I don't think so. You just started
hanging out, right?

Taylor's done.

TAYLOR

Oh my gosh, I have a new friend,
it's so crazy.

She gets up and heads upstairs.

Beat.

ANDREW

I'm not happy with her attitude.
But I'm glad she's making new
friends.

CYNTHIA

I think this is going to be really
good for her.

INT. HIGGINS' BATHROOM - NIGHT

Taylor sits on the toilet in her underwear, two fresh cuts on
her thigh, laptop on the sink.

She types in a word document.

TAYLOR

I, Taylor... no.

Backspace backspace backspace.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

Dear friends and family. I'm sorry
to do this...

Backspace backspace backspace.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

I know you must have questions...

INT. TAYLOR'S ROOM - DAY

Taylor sits at her desk; Stella sits on Taylor's bed.

STELLA

No, it's nice, I like it.

TAYLOR

You should see Hannah's room. It's
a mess. She was always-

Taylor chokes up, stops talking.

Stella notices.

STELLA

You said you were working on a note?

Taylor groans.

TAYLOR

I don't know. "Working on it" is a little strong. Brainstorming, more like.

Stella treads carefully.

STELLA

So you're, like... you're gonna go soon?

Taylor considers how to answer.

TAYLOR

It's just good to be prepared, you know?

STELLA

I guess, yeah.

TAYLOR

What about you? What's your note like?

Stella shakes her head.

STELLA

I haven't... like, I've thought about it a bit.

TAYLOR

You haven't even started? But you were the one who was saying how important it is!

STELLA

I know! I'm just not planning on... doing it yet, you know?

Taylor's surprised.

TAYLOR

Oh. I guess I thought... with the group, and all...

STELLA

Yeah, no, no. We've been getting together for a few months now.

(MORE)

STELLA (CONT'D)

I guess since the start of the school year. There's no rush.

Taylor's... disappointed?

TAYLOR

What? A few months? I figured we were, like, all gonna drink some hemlock together in a week or two.

Stella laughs.

STELLA

What? God, no. Personally, I don't think Petra even wants to do it. I think she started threatening it for attention and then was too stubborn to stop.

TAYLOR

Attention from who? Where do you even know her from?

STELLA

I don't know her. Or, like, I know her through the group. But she talks a lot about how "they'll miss me when I'm gone" and stuff.

TAYLOR

Did she start the group?

STELLA

Yeah, I guess it was her and Gil, sort of a suicide pact thing that they kept procrastinating about. Then Ryan and me came later.

TAYLOR

Weird. So you, like... you guys have no plans or anything.

Stella shrugs.

STELLA

Not, like, together.

TAYLOR

I guess I just thought that was the point of the group.

STELLA

I mean, it is.

TAYLOR
If you say so.

CYNTHIA (O.S.)
Girls! Dinner!

TAYLOR
(yelling)
Coming!

Taylor walks to the door. Hesitates.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)
Um. You're not gonna, like...

She hesitates. She knows it's a stupid question, but she has to ask.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)
...Tell my parents or anything?

Stella stares at her for a beat, incredulous.

STELLA
No!

She pushes past Taylor.

INT. HIGGINS' KITCHEN - EVENING

Taylor, Stella, Cynthia and Andrew eat dinner.

STELLA
Mrs. Higgins-

CYNTHIA
Call me Cynthia.

STELLA
Okay, Cynthia. Taylor was telling me you work at the aquarium?

Cynthia nods.

STELLA (CONT'D)
That's so cool!

CYNTHIA
It's not that cool, I assure you. I just give the tours.

STELLA

Yeah, but you still work at the aquarium! Do you get to swim in the tanks?

Cynthia laughs.

CYNTHIA

No, nothing like that. But what about you? Are you interested in biology, then?

STELLA

Nah, I just like the ocean and shit. Stuff!

Taylor snorts. Cynthia overlooks Stella's slip-up.

ANDREW

What are your favorite subjects?

TAYLOR

You don't have to give her the third degree!

ANDREW

I'm not interrogating her, I'm just asking-

STELLA

It's fine. I like history, but my best grades are in math.

ANDREW

Oh, yeah? Hannah was...

He trails off, then acts like he was never speaking.

An awkward beat.

TAYLOR

Oh my god. Hannah existed. We don't have to, like, pretend she didn't.

A more awkward beat. Nobody knows what to say.

ANDREW

I know she existed.

TAYLOR

Then friggin' finish your thought. "Hannah was into history too."

ANDREW

Don't take that tone, Taylor. This isn't an easy-

TAYLOR

I'll take whatever tone I want! You can't-

CYNTHIA

Shut UP!

Stella has no idea what she's supposed to be doing in this situation.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)

We have company.

A beat. Everyone goes back to eating.

INT. PETRA'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Taylor, Stella, Ryan, Gil and Petra sit around the living room.

PETRA

I actually have several notes. I wrote a letter to each of my immediate family members and to a couple close friends, and then I have a note I want read at my funeral.

GIL

Good grief. Kinda seems like overkill, doesn't it? Like, the only purpose of a note is to let people know it wasn't an accident.

STELLA

What? No! It's to let people know it wasn't their fault! I don't want my parents to go the rest of their lives thinking there was something they could've done.

GIL

You really think there wasn't anything they could've done?

Stella squirms a little.

STELLA

I mean, I dunno. Maybe. But I don't blame them or anything.

TAYLOR

Guys! That wasn't the point!

Everyone looks at her.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

I meant, like. Who has one written already? Like, who needs help writing theirs?

Gil shrugs.

GIL

I don't have one, but it's just gonna be a sentence or two.

RYAN

I could use some help with mine.

STELLA

Is it really that urgent?

TAYLOR

I don't know about you, but I didn't come here for the uplifting conversation. Not trying to pressure anyone or anything, but I have a goal and I'm going to work towards it.

STELLA

I mean, when you put it that way... No, you're right. You're right. I guess I need help writing mine.

PETRA

I'd be happy to let any of you look at mine if you want.

RYAN

Cool.

TAYLOR

Let's try to have at least a rough draft of our notes together so we can discuss them next time. That sound reasonable?

Everyone nods.

INT. SADDLEVIEW HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Taylor walks down the hallway. Mr. Reed sees her and stops her.

MR. REED
Taylor! Excuse me!

Taylor rolls her eyes, walks to him.

MR. REED (CONT'D)
I understand you've had a rough school year, but I feel like we need to get together to discuss your growing number of absences.

TAYLOR
I don't.

MR. REED
I understand that, but I'm afraid I'm going to have to insist.

TAYLOR
Why?

Mr. Reed is flustered.

MR. REED
Well, because, you, it's important for you to stay in school!

TAYLOR
Given that I'll have killed myself by the end of the year, I really don't think it matters.

Mr. Reed's eyes bug out of his head. He's too flabbergasted to respond.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)
See ya.

She walks away. Reaches her locker, and Stella.

STELLA
Hey.

TAYLOR
(groaning)
Hey.

STELLA
You okay?

TAYLOR
I just fucked up.

STELLA
How so?

TAYLOR
I told Mr. Reed I was planning to
kill myself.

STELLA
WHAT.

TAYLOR
I meant it to sound like a joke!

STELLA
You can't joke with Mr. Reed!
Especially when...

She looks around.

STELLA (CONT'D)
(sotto)
...Especially when you're not
joking!

TAYLOR
I know! I know.

STELLA
He's gonna tell your parents. For
starters.

TAYLOR
Nooo, don't say that. Ugh. I should
go talk to him.

STELLA
You need to go talk to him. God.

Taylor groans. Looks back towards Mr. Reed's office.

INT. MR. REED'S OFFICE - DAY

Taylor barges in to see Mr. Reed hanging up the phone.

MR. REED
Taylor! I just got off the phone
with your parents. I'm glad you're
ready to talk about-

TAYLOR
Ssssshhit.

MR. REED
I understand this is an emotional issue, Taylor, but that doesn't call for such crude language.

TAYLOR
Fuck you, man.

Beat as Mr. Reed composes himself.

MR. REED
I refuse to accept that insult.

TAYLOR
It was a joke! I was joking!

MR. REED
Taylor, suicide is not a joking matter! I am glad you came to me for help, but-

TAYLOR
I didn't come to you for help! It was a joke! Oh my god.

MR. REED
I'm not laughing, Taylor.

TAYLOR
So it was a dumb joke!

MR. REED
Now, Taylor-

TAYLOR
Oh my god stop saying my name.

She presses her fingers to her temples.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)
This is a nightmare. I'm living in a nightmare.

MR. REED
I know things seem hard right now, Taylor. But I promise you we are going to do everything we can to help you through this.

Taylor's eyes bug out of her head.

EXT. SADDLEVIEW HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Cynthia drives up to the school to see an absolutely MISERABLE Taylor sitting on the curb, with Mr. Reed standing next to her.

INT./EXT. CYNTHIA'S CAR - DAY

Cynthia drives. Taylor looks somewhat more relaxed.

TAYLOR

No. Mom. I swear. Mr. Reed doesn't know how to take a joke. That's all.

CYNTHIA

You swear?

TAYLOR

Cross my heart and hope to... live.

Cynthia snorts. Looks at her.

CYNTHIA

Okay. Okay. I did find it a little difficult to believe, especially with all the new friend's you've been making.

Taylor looks out the window.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)

But listen, you're... You've been through a lot, and if you want to... get help, or something-

TAYLOR

Help?

CYNTHIA

I don't know. See a therapist or something. Your father and I probably should. What do you think?

TAYLOR

Like, with you and dad?

CYNTHIA

No!

She laughs.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)
Unless you wanted?

TAYLOR
No!

Cynthia laughs again.

CYNTHIA
Think about it, okay?

Beat. Taylor nods.

INT. PETRA'S BACKYARD - DAY

It's a beautiful day, and Gil, Ryan, and Stella throw a frisbee around while Petra and Taylor sit on lawnchairs, watching.

TAYLOR
Can I ask you something?

PETRA
Shoot.

TAYLOR
Have you ever considered, like,
seeing a doctor?

Petra shakes her head.

PETRA
They won't prescribe you anything
dangerous without-

TAYLOR
No no no. I meant, like, a
psychiatrist.

Petra laughs.

PETRA
Oh, no, honey. I don't want some
quack telling me all my problems
come from me being attracted to my
father when I was in diapers.

TAYLOR
You don't think it'd help at all.

PETRA

No. Definitely not. Nobody will ever know the inside of your head better than yourself.

Taylor nods.

TAYLOR

I guess, yeah.

PETRA

No "I guess." It's like this: suppose, you did nothing but talk about yourself for a week straight. Do you really think I could tell you anything about yourself you didn't already know? Everything I know about you is stuff you told me!

TAYLOR

Yeah.

PETRA

And a therapist isn't going to let you talk to them for a week straight. Try an hour every other week. How can they know anything about you?

TAYLOR

I never thought about it like that.

PETRA

Most people don't. They like thinking someone else can solve their problems.

She shifts to stare right at Taylor.

PETRA (CONT'D)

But they can't. The only person can solve your problems is you. Remember that.

She settles back into her chair.

PETRA (CONT'D)

And if you've got a problem that can only be solved one way, nobody can fault you for solving it that way. Just the way it is.

Taylor thinks. Nods.

TAYLOR
Thanks. I think I needed to hear
that.

PETRA
Sure.

INT. TAYLOR'S ROOM - NIGHT

Taylor prints out a letter.

Seals it in an envelope.

Writes "Mom & Dad" on the envelope.

Leaves the envelope on her bed.

Leaves the room.

INT. HIGGINS' BATHROOM - NIGHT

Taylor fills the bathtub.

Sets a razor next to the tub.

She starts to take her shirt off, but stops halfway.

TAYLOR
Oh. Um.

INT. TAYLOR'S ROOM - NIGHT

Taylor stands in front of her closet. She looks at a couple
bathing suits.

TAYLOR
I don't even...

She pulls out her phone.

Texts Stella: "You up?"

Beat.

Stella responds: "Yeah."

Taylor calls Stella.

INT. STELLA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Stella's room is too dark right now to see much, but it's pretty cramped. Stella lies on her bed.

STELLA

Hello?

INTERCUT BETWEEN TAYLOR AND STELLA

TAYLOR

Okay so like. If you're killing yourself in the tub. Are you naked?

Stella laughs.

STELLA

What?

TAYLOR

Like, you're in the bath, so are you naked?

STELLA

No!

TAYLOR

Then what are you wearing? A swimsuit? Are you just fully dressed in the tub?

Stella laughs more.

STELLA

I've never really thought about it. Hah! I have no idea! Why are you calling about...

A heavy beat.

STELLA (CONT'D)

Oh.

TAYLOR

No. No!

Taylor fakes a laugh.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

I was just, having trouble sleeping. That's all.

STELLA

Yeah?

Taylor fiddles with the letter to her parents.

TAYLOR

Yeah.

STELLA

I don't think I could kill myself
that way anyway. To float in a tub
of blood...

She shudders.

STELLA (CONT'D)

But I'd never thought about what
I'd wear.

She laughs.

STELLA (CONT'D)

You're right. I can't think of an
option that's not really weird.

TAYLOR

Right? There's no good way!

She tears up the letter, throws it away.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Taylor stands in front of the full bathtub.

Beat.

She unplugs the drain. Watches the water go down.

Grabs the razor. Puts it away.

Beat.

Gets the razor back out. Sits on the toilet and pulls down
her pants. There are several scars and healing cuts on her
thigh by this point.

INT. PETRA'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Taylor stands, addressing everyone else.

TAYLOR

I don't know about you guys, but I'm tired. I'm tired of waiting. I'm tired of being scared. I'm ready to just be done.

GIL

We're all tired. That's, like, the reason we're here.

Taylor shakes her head.

TAYLOR

No. That's why we met, but we're here all the time just to fantasize about all our troubles being over while coming up with excuses and reasons why we shouldn't actually end them. I think it's time to do it.

Everyone shifts uncomfortably.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

Everything I've read says drowning is peaceful and painless. It's easy to do, there's no mess, no pain, and it's fast. I vote we all go on a camping trip this weekend.

PETRA

This weekend?

TAYLOR

Why wait?

STELLA

What's the rush?

TAYLOR

There's no rush! There's clearly no rush! How long have you guys been getting together? I've been coming for, what, two months now?

Murmurs.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

I'm not trying to pressure anyone into anything. But if you actually want to kill yourself, I think it's time to stop pussyfooting and start getting it done.

Her face... opens. We see the exhaustion.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)
I'm just so fucking tired, you
guys. I'm done.

Petra nods.

PETRA
I... I'm done too. I'm in.

RYAN
I'll do it.

GIL
Count me in.

Beat. They look at Stella.

STELLA
(to herself)
Fuck. What the fuck.

TAYLOR
Nobody's making you do anything.

STELLA
No, I'm... let's go. Let's do it.

TAYLOR
You sure?

STELLA
I'm sure.

Taylor nods.

TAYLOR
Okay. I'll call the campground.

INT. HIGGINS' LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Andrew watches TV.

Taylor walks in.

TAYLOR
Hey dad?

ANDREW
Hm?

TAYLOR
Is it cool if me and some friends
go camping this weekend?

ANDREW
What? Camping? Since when have you
been into camping?

Taylor shrugs.

TAYLOR
Just trying it out.

Andrew gives her a look. He doesn't really buy it.

ANDREW
There'll be boys, too?

Taylor thinks for a beat.

TAYLOR
No.

Andrew shakes his head.

ANDREW
You're lying.

Taylor groans.

TAYLOR
Okay yeah but it's not like that!

Andrew laughs.

ANDREW
I'm sure.

TAYLOR
Daaaad.

ANDREW
Go whine to your mother, I don't
want to hear it.

Taylor stomps out of the room.

INT. HIGGINS' OFFICE - NIGHT

Cynthia sits at a computer in her organized office.

Taylor barges in.

TAYLOR

Dad won't let me go camping with my friends.

Cynthia doesn't look up.

CYNTHIA

And he didn't say why?

TAYLOR

Just because some of the friends are guys!

Cynthia sighs, looks at her.

CYNTHIA

What guys?

TAYLOR

Just some of Stella's friends. They're the ones with the tents, we can't camp without them.

CYNTHIA

Why are you even interested in camping? We went camping once and you hated it.

TAYLOR

I was like twelve! I just want to try it out again!

Cynthia thinks.

CYNTHIA

How old are these boys?

TAYLOR

They're, uh, like, freshmen.

CYNTHIA

You're going camping with freshmen?

TAYLOR

They're Stella's next-door neighbors, they've been friends for like forever. They're whatever.

CYNTHIA

I'm not saying you're lying. But I think you know how this sounds.

Taylor groans.

TAYLOR

If we wanted to get laid, we
wouldn't need to go camping.
Stella's parents are never home.

CYNTHIA

Oh, that's comforting.

Taylor makes a face. Please?

Cynthia sighs.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)

I will talk to your father. But if
he doesn't want you to go, you
aren't going.

TAYLOR

Thank you! You're the best!

Cynthia rolls her eyes.

EXT. BEHIND THE SCHOOL - DAY

Taylor and Stella lounge behind the school, laughing.

STELLA

Right? I was all worried about
finals and then realized, "Oh wait,
I'll literally never have to take
another test in my life."

TAYLOR

It's really freeing. We don't have
to do anything we don't want to do.

STELLA

And we can do everything we do want
to do.

TAYLOR

But I mean, what do you want to do?

STELLA

What?

TAYLOR

Like, if I had stuff I wanted to
do... you know?

STELLA

Oh. Yeah. I guess. I hadn't thought
about it.

TAYLOR

Do you... is there stuff you want to do?

Stella squirms.

STELLA

I dunno. Maybe. I've never been to Disney World.

TAYLOR

Hannah was a big Disney buff. I think she could recite the entire script of Mulan from memory.

She looks at her feet. Hugs her knees.

Beat.

STELLA

Um... I have Mulan. You wanna go... watch it?

Taylor shakes her head.

Beat.

TAYLOR

I just... I miss her. I miss everyone. But.

She's not crying, but she's not *not* crying.

STELLA

You'll...

Stella puts a hand on her shoulder.

STELLA (CONT'D)

You'll see her soon, though, yeah? Like, Friday night.

TAYLOR

You really think so? You don't think... I've kind of been hoping everything will just... stop.

STELLA

If I didn't think I'd see my grandma again, I don't think I'd be interested.

TAYLOR

Yeah?

STELLA

Yeah.

TAYLOR

I guess it'd be nice.

Beat.

STELLA

Do you think... if there is a heaven. Do you think we'll still be friends?

TAYLOR

What? Of course we will. Isn't everyone friends in heaven?

STELLA

Well, but like, before the-

She stops herself, coughs.

STELLA (CONT'D)

Before, you and I didn't exactly get along. If you're hanging out with everyone again...

TAYLOR

Don't be silly. I didn't know you then. I know you now.

She puts a hand on Stella's shoulder.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

I don't know that I think there'll be anything. But if there is, I think we'll all get along. And Petra and everybody too.

STELLA

Yeah...

INT. HANNAH'S ROOM - NIGHT

Taylor sits on Hannah's bed, using her laptop.

On her screen is a CONFIRMATION for renting CAMPGROUND 6.

She swallows. The weight of what's coming hits her.

She breaks down into tears.

Beat.

Cynthia's voice is distant; she's knocking on the door to Taylor's room, not Hannah's.

CYNTHIA (O.S.)

Taylor?

Beat.

Hannah's door opens. Cynthia sees Taylor.

She hugs her.

Taylor breaks down even more.

TAYLOR

(sobbing)

I just... miss them all... so much.

Cynthia cries too.

CYNTHIA

I know, honey. I miss them too.

TAYLOR

How do you stand it? What do you do?

CYNTHIA

Oh honey. It's gonna be okay. It's all gonna be okay.

Taylor buries her face in her mom's shoulder.

A long beat.

INT. SADDLEVIEW HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Taylor and Stella stand in front of their lockers.

STELLA

Are you sure? I mean, if today is our... you know. Shouldn't we be doing something fun?

TAYLOR

What's the point? If there's a heaven we'll have more fun there. If there's not, we won't remember. Right now, I just want everything to go smoothly. I don't want to risk anything getting upset.

Stella sighs. Nods.

STELLA
Yeah. I guess.

Mr. Reed walks by. Sees them.

STELLA (CONT'D)
Oh no.

MR. REED
There you are!

Taylor closes her eyes. Takes a breath. Turns to face him.

TAYLOR
Hey, Mr. Reed.

MR. REED
We need to talk.

STELLA
I'll just...

She tries to walk away, but Mr. Reed stops her.

MR. REED
Actually, that includes you,
Stella.

STELLA
Oh god.

INT. MR. REED'S OFFICE - DAY

Taylor and Stella sit in front of Mr. Reed's desk. Mr. Reed sits on his desk in a failed attempt to seem casual.

MR. REED
Your teachers have been telling me
about all the classes you've
missed. Do you want to talk about
that?

TAYLOR
It won't happen again. We promise.

Mr. Reed shakes his head.

MR. REED
It can't happen again. Your grades
have been slipping, both of you.
There's been enough of a drop that
school policy is to contact your
parents.

Their faces erupt in panic, but neither of them says anything.

MR. REED (CONT'D)

We haven't yet, because I told them not to.

Panic is replaced by confusion.

TAYLOR

Why?

MR. REED

Because, Taylor, I know you're going through a lot.

Mr. Reed's carefully casual exterior cracks a little. He kind of looks like a real person for once.

MR. REED (CONT'D)

It's... I know I can't possibly understand what you're going through. I can imagine school isn't terribly high on your list of priorities, and I would probably feel the same way in your position.

He turns to Stella.

MR. REED (CONT'D)

And you, Stella. You've missed the occasional class before, but you kept your grades up. I figure the difference now is you being there for Taylor, which, frankly, is behavior I'd like to encourage.

Stella and Taylor look at each other: is this really happening?

MR. REED (CONT'D)

Now, I can't let this continue. There are hard limits on the number of classes a student can miss and still pass. And even if there weren't, you're both in danger of failing a class or two.

Stella stares at the floor.

TAYLOR

We understand.

STELLA
 ...Thank you.

He shakes his head.

MR. REED
 Remember. If you need help, we can
 get it for you. It doesn't have to
 be me.

Taylor nods.

Beat.

TAYLOR
 Um...

MR. REED
 You can go. We're good here.

Taylor gets up. Stella follows, slower.

INT. SADDLEVIEW HIGH SCHOOL - CONTINUOUS

They leave the office and walk down the hallway.

TAYLOR
 That was... weird.

STELLA
 He was like a real person for once.

TAYLOR
 Right?

STELLA
 Kinda makes me feel bad about...
 you know.

Taylor grabs Stella's shoulders.

TAYLOR
 No no no. Look at me. You can't...
 everything that happens today is
 going to make you doubt what's
 coming. Everything. What is it

She backs off.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)
 You need to hold on to what made
 you...

She looks towards Mr. Reeds office. Talks quieter and moves further away.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

To what made you make the decision.
What was it?

Stella hesitates. She's close to tears, but she keeps it together.

STELLA

My grandma. She died a couple years ago, and it's been...

She coughs. Nods.

Taylor... hesitates.

TAYLOR

Your... grandma?

Stella nods.

STELLA

I just miss her so much.

Taylor nods.

TAYLOR

Um... let's get to class, I guess.

Stella nods. They leave.

INT. PETRA'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

The gang sits around the room. The mood is an odd mixture of excitement and melancholy.

PETRA

...So as long as we've got the campground, I think we're good.

Everyone looks at Taylor. She doesn't notice, lost in thought.

Beat.

PETRA (CONT'D)

Taylor?

Beat.

Stella nudges her.

STELLA

Taylor?

TAYLOR

Sorry! What?

PETRA

Do we have the campground?

TAYLOR

Uh... yeah. Yeah.

PETRA

Okay. We... so, we'll meet here on Friday around five o'clock.

Everyone but Taylor nods.

INT. HIGGINS' KITCHEN - NIGHT

Taylor, Andrew, and Cynthia eat dinner.

ANDREW

Your mother and I talked. We're going to let you go on the camping trip.

Beat.

TAYLOR

What? Oh! Thanks.

Taylor immediately goes back to staring at dinner.

ANDREW

Is everything okay?

CYNTHIA

Honey?

TAYLOR

No, yeah, I'm fine.

She doesn't look fine.

ANDREW

Did... something happen at school?

TAYLOR

Just... something Stella said. Do you guys think heaven is real?

Andrew and Cynthia share a look. "Oof."

ANDREW
Uh... Yeah, I do.

Taylor looks at him, unimpressed.

TAYLOR
I'm not... honestly.

ANDREW
Honestly.

TAYLOR
You're not just saying what you
think I want to hear?

ANDREW
No. I really do.

TAYLOR
Mom?

CYNTHIA
I'd like to think so. But I don't
know. I guess... I guess I doubt
it.

ANDREW
Really?

Cynthia shrugs.

CYNTHIA
Never really thought about it.

TAYLOR
But like. How do you...

She shakes her head.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)
If heaven is real, like... why
wouldn't everyone want to go there?

ANDREW
I think everyone does.

TAYLOR
That's not what I...

She hesitates. This is dangerous ground she's treading.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)
Why wouldn't everyone want to go
there... immediately?

ANDREW

Oh.

CYNTHIA

I don't...

Cynthia looks at Andrew.

ANDREW

I don't... that question's kind of above my pay grade. Are you...

TAYLOR

No. I don't think it's real. But Stella thinks her Grandma is there and she like... wants to see her, you know?

CYNTHIA

Honey, this is really serious. Do you think Stella's going to... commit suicide?

TAYLOR

No!

CYNTHIA

Are you sure?

TAYLOR

At the very very least, not before the camping trip. This is just... it's not... I'm explaining it wrong.

ANDREW

If you think she's going to commit suicide, you need to say something.

TAYLOR

I will! If I do. But I don't. Right now. I'm just... god. No. I just don't understand... like...

She groans.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

Nobody's committing suicide, okay?

ANDREW

You're absolutely certain?

TAYLOR

Absolutely.

Andrew and Cynthia relax a little. Taylor tenses up a little. She doesn't like lying so blatantly.

ANDREW

You're just wondering why she wouldn't if she wants to see her grandma.

TAYLOR

I'm wondering why it'd be bad for her to if there's really a heaven.

ANDREW

Okay. Purely hypothetically. I would guess her grandma wouldn't want her to, for starters. But for another, if there is a heaven, what's the rush? It's a one-way trip. I'd rather live my life to the fullest and go to heaven with some stories to tell.

TAYLOR

What if your life sucks?

ANDREW

I still think it's better to live it. If I'm going to be in heaven for eternity, a hundred years of life sucking isn't even a drop in the bucket. I just think it seems like a risk to deliberately go sooner.

Taylor nods.

TAYLOR

Yeah. That makes sense.

EXT. SADDLEVIEW HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Taylor and Stella walk out of the school.

STELLA

Ryan said he'll meet us here. He goes to Percy, he's just gonna walk over.

Taylor nods.

Beat. Taylor tries to work up the nerve to say something.

She clears her throat.

TAYLOR
I have something to say.

STELLA
Yeah?

Beat.

TAYLOR
I don't think... I don't know if...

STELLA
Hey, come on. No second guessing yourself now. You said it yourself.

TAYLOR
Yeah, but-

STELLA
No. That time has passed. We're doing this now, aren't we?

Beat.

Taylor nods.

TAYLOR
Yeah. No, you're right.

STELLA
Okay. God, you scared me. If you backed out now, I don't know if I could do it.

Beat. Ryan walks around a corner in the distance. They wave to him, he waves back.

TAYLOR
So do you think... if your Grandma wasn't dead, do you think you'd still be doing this?

STELLA
If your sister was still here, would you?

Beat. Taylor shakes her head.

STELLA (CONT'D)
Yeah. But you don't think you'll see her again?

TAYLOR
I'm not... I've had this
conversation a lot lately.

STELLA
Sure.

Ryan reaches them.

RYAN
Hey. We ready?

STELLA
Let's do it.

They all walk to the parking lot.

INT./EXT. STELLA'S CAR - DAY

Stella drives a beat-up old Toyota. Taylor stares out the window. Ryan fiddles in the backseat, clearly anxious.

EXT. PETRA'S HOUSE - DAY

They pull up outside Petra's house. Petra and Gil are outside with Gil's SUV.

They hop out of the car and walk over to Petra and Gil.

It's awkward, somber.

RYAN
So...

Beat.

PETRA
Everyone's got everything? Everyone
that's leaving a note left a note?

Nods all around.

PETRA (CONT'D)
Okay. Let's go.

They climb into Gil's SUV.

INT. TAYLOR'S ROOM - DAY

A note sits on Taylor's bed, labeled "Mom & Dad".

Cynthia's voice grows closer to the room.

CYNTHIA (O.S.)
 ...I'll just see if I can catch her
 before she leaves.

The door opens. Cynthia, on her phone, leans in.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)
 Taylor?

She looks around. No Taylor.

She notices the note. "What's that?"

The sound of the FRONT DOOR CLOSING.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)
 (to phone)
 Oh, maybe that's her.

She leaves.

ANDREW (O.S.)
 I'm home!

CYNTHIA (O.S.)
 Oh, I hoped you were Taylor. I've
 got her guidance counselor on the
 phone, and...

EXT. CAMPSITE - DAY

The gang pulls up at a campsite in the middle of the woods.

It's quiet, peaceful.

They climb out of the SUV, look around.

STELLA
 Where's the, uh... water?

Taylor gestures.

TAYLOR
 It's like half a mile that way.
 There should be a trail.

STELLA
 Cool.

Gil pulls several large weights out of the trunk, along with plenty of rope.

Everyone watches him unload them.

Beat.

GIL
Nobody's gonna help?

Stella and Ryan help him finish unloading.

PETRA
So. Do we just go, or...

TAYLOR
No. The lakeside closes at six, but
there will still be people there
until after dark.

PETRA
What do we do until then?

Taylor shrugs.

TAYLOR
I brought some cards.

STELLA
I'm hungry. I don't want to die
hungry.

GIL
Come on. We're camping. I brought
hot dogs and stuff for smores.

STELLA
(excited)
Whaaaat you're the best!

INT. TAYLOR'S ROOM - DAY

The note still sits on the bed.

Cynthia walks in with some laundry.

She hangs up some clothes in the closet. Doesn't notice the
note.

Leaves.

EXT. CAMPSITE - EVENING

Everyone sits at a picnic table playing Uno. A small fire
crackles nearby.

Stella's fingers still have some marshmallow on them. Petra slowly works on a hotdog.

TAYLOR

So it's about to all be over,
right?

They all look at her.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

What are you glad you'll never have
to deal with again?

PETRA

Oooh. No more applying to jobs.

GIL

Yes! God, that's the worst. No more
rejection letters.

RYAN

No more finals.

GIL

No more school whatsoever.

RYAN

And no more backstabbing friends.

STELLA

No more loneliness.

PETRA

No more small talk with people you
hate.

GIL

No more nagging parents.

PETRA

No more bills.

STELLA

No more lying awake at night trying
to sleep.

PETRA

That's a good one.

RYAN

Yeah.

GIL

Word.

Beat.

STELLA
What about you, Taylor?

TAYLOR
Those are all... those are all good. I don't think I could add anything.

STELLA
You can't think of one thing?

Taylor sighs.

TAYLOR
No more being terrified of whether or not I'm doing the right thing.

Everyone's quiet for a beat. Nods.

Petra looks at her watch.

PETRA
It's getting late. Maybe we should start thinking about heading over to the lake.

GIL
It's not gonna be a fun walk with those weights.

Taylor nods.

TAYLOR
Yeah. Let's get started.

INT. TAYLOR'S ROOM - NIGHT

The note still sits on Taylor's bed.

A long,

Long,

Beat.

EXT. LAKESIDE - NIGHT

Everyone but Taylor and Gil rests by the dock, panting. Taylor and Gil examine the canoes, chained to a nearby tree.

TAYLOR
You know, I didn't think about
this.

GIL
I didn't figure.

She gestures at a nearby closed convenience stand.

TAYLOR
Any chance the keys are stored in
there?

GIL
There's a chance. Not a good one.

TAYLOR
Shit. What do we do? We can't call
it off.

Gil looks at the dock. It goes out pretty far.

GIL
We might be able to just jump off
the dock. It doesn't have to be too
deep, as long as it's over our
heads.

Taylor nods.

TAYLOR
Yeah, okay.

CUT TO:

Gil leans over the edge of the dock with a flashlight. He
can't see anything.

Taylor sits next to him, feet hanging off the edge.

GIL
You know what? Forget it.

He jumps in. Disappears under the surface.

Taylor laughs.

Resurfaces after a beat, treads water.

GIL (CONT'D)
Yeah, this'll work!

Nearby, Stella looks at them.

STELLA
Did he just jump in?

TAYLOR
He was checking the depth. We're good.

Stella shrugs.

Gil climbs out.

GIL
Let's get suited up.

CUT TO:

Everyone wears makeshift harnesses made of rope, with plenty of excess that they're tying to the weights.

Taylor, weights already tied, helps Stella with hers.

TAYLOR
(quiet, just to Stella)
Look, I've been thinking...

Stella looks at her. Shifts to turn away from the others.

STELLA
(quiet)
Yeah?

Taylor sighs.

TAYLOR
There's no easy way to say this. I-

STELLA
It's okay. Look, if you don't want to, we're not going to make you. Just wait to jump in last, and if you change your mind, then none of us will know.

TAYLOR
What? No. I don't... your grandma wouldn't want this. You shouldn't do it.

STELLA
(loud)
What the hell?

Everyone looks.

STELLA (CONT'D)

You can't just... you don't get to decide what I can and can't do!

GIL

What's up?

STELLA

You didn't even know my grandma! How do you know what she would want?

TAYLOR

You're telling me this is what she'd want?!

Stella broods for a beat.

PETRA

Is everything okay?

STELLA

Just, what the hell, man? Why me? My problem can't be fixed! You don't want me to do it, but you're fine with Ryan drowning himself because his girlfriend dumped him?!

TAYLOR

What

RYAN

Fuck you, Stella! We'd been dating two years, and now she's dating Eric Putts! You can't fix my problem either!

STELLA

You're fourteen, Ryan! Date another girl! It was never going to last!

PETRA

I think we all need to calm down-

STELLA

Shut up, Petra! We're sure it was very hard to lose your job when you're sitting on like a bajillion dollars in the bank!

TAYLOR

Seriously?

Petra fumes.

PETRA

It's not about money! It's about contributing to society!

GIL

Right? I'm with you, Petra.

PETRA

Oh, please. You haven't even tried to contribute to society!

GIL

Because every single job I've applied to has rejected me!

STELLA

"Every single" here meaning, what, three?

GIL

Fuck you!

TAYLOR

EVERYBODY SHUT UP!

EVERYBODY

Fuck you!

Beat. Nobody's sure what to do now.

TAYLOR

So like... Ryan. You're committing suicide because-

RYAN

It's my business.

TAYLOR

I'm not judging.

STELLA

Yet.

Beat.

RYAN

Jane left me for Eric after we'd been dating two years.

TAYLOR

Right. And Gil can't get a job.

Gil looks around. Groans.

GIL
I'm just completely useless.
Whatever.

TAYLOR
And Petra lost her job.

Petra, still mad, nods.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)
Holy shit. This is...

Beat. Taylor's overwhelmed.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)
You're all being ridiculous. You're
all being fucking ridiculous.

Everyone protests at once.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)
Okay, Ryan! Does anybody agree Ryan
should kill himself?

Beat. Awkward grumbling. Heads shake.

Ryan breaks into tears.

RYAN
What?! You guys don't get to-

GIL
Look, man, I know it sucks. But
like... nah.

Stella looks at Ryan, sad.

STELLA
He's right. I just... you should
talk to someone.

He runs back to the campground.

Beat.

Gil sighs.

GIL
I'll go.

TAYLOR
Hang on. You shouldn't-

GIL
 Whatever, I know. I didn't want to,
 but you put this whole thing
 together, so...

It hits Taylor that she almost killed everyone here.

Hooly shit.

Gil runs after Ryan.

TAYLOR
 Petra, do you... you...

PETRA
 You can't do this. You can't bring
 us out here and then tell us not to
 do it at the last second.

TAYLOR
 I know. I'm sorry. But there has to
 be a better way. You don't... you
 don't have family?

PETRA
 I have a lot of family. None of
 them will miss me.

TAYLOR
 Don't be ridiculous. Everyone here
 would miss you.

Petra chews on her tongue.

PETRA
 This is ridiculous.

She walks back to the campsite.

Taylor looks at Stella.

Beat.

STELLA
 Shit.

TAYLOR
 You said it.

STELLA
 You really... you didn't know any
 of this, and you were trying to
 convince us all to do it?

TAYLOR
I just...

She breaks down.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)
I didn't want to go alone. I
couldn't do it.

STELLA
God.

Stella walks away.

Taylor collapses to the ground in tears.

She pulls out her phone. Tries to call home.

No signal.

She sobs.

INT. TAYLOR'S ROOM - NIGHT

The note is gone.

Cynthia paces around the room, terrified, on her phone.

Andrew sits on the bed, note in his hand, also on the phone.

ANDREW
That's right. Opal Lake Park.

Cynthia drops her phone, sobs.

CYNTHIA
It went right to voicemail!

ANDREW
(to Cynthia)
That doesn't mean anything. There's
an ambulance on the way there.

CYNTHIA
Oh god!

EXT. CAMPSITE - NIGHT

Ryan sits at the table, crying. Gil sits next to him, arm
around his shoulder.

Petra packs up the SUV. Stella walks up. Sits down.

STELLA
So this was a joke.

PETRA
I knew it was a mistake. I knew the
entire time.

STELLA
Then why didn't you say anything?

Beat. Petra ignores her.

STELLA (CONT'D)
I left a note. It's not... they've
probably already found it. Do you
know how messed up my life is gonna
be now?

PETRA
Preaching to the choir.

GIL
So is Taylor coming?

STELLA
Screw her.

Petra stops. Looks at Stella.

Ryan looks up.

Beat.

GIL
But... she's coming, right?

Stella looks at him.

Beat.

EXT. LAKESIDE - NIGHT

It's a beautiful night out. The moon is full, the stars are
shining... couldn't ask for a better night to kill yourself.

Taylor stands on the edge of the dock. She carries the
weights that are tied to her harness.

Tears streak her makeup. She sniffs, chokes back a sob.

She leans over the edge, looks into the water - she
instinctively steps back, then forces herself to lean over
again.

TAYLOR

Oh god.

Shouting in the distance behind her - she doesn't look, just scoots closer to the edge.

Fails to stop the next sob.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

Oh god!

She looks forward, out towards the sparkling lake.

Closes her eyes.

Steps forward.

She's CAUGHT at the last second by Stella, who falls in the water with her.

INT. UNDERWATER - CONTINUOUS

Stella clings to Taylor as the weights pull them both down.

Taylor tries to get Stella off of her, but Stella just holds on and stares at her.

Taylor stares back.

Beat.

Stella undoes the harness on Taylor.

Taylor... lets her. Shrugs the harness off.

They surface.

EXT. LAKESIDE - CONTINUOUS

As soon as their heads are up, Gil and Petra pull them out of the water.

Taylor sobs on the dock. Stella hugs her.

Everyone hugs them both.

Sirens in the distance.

FADE OUT.

BLACK SCREEN

The same hip hop plays from the intro.

INT. SADDLEVIEW HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Taylor strolls through the hallway. She's just as confident as she was before, but it's a different confidence now. It's a quieter confidence.

She walks past a stream of students pouring out of a classroom - among them, Stella.

TAYLOR
We good?

STELLA
I guess.

TAYLOR
No no no. No "I guess."

Stella groans.

STELLA
We're good.

They keep moving.

They walk past Ryan, who struggles to open his locker.

TAYLOR
Hey freshman.

RYAN
Oh, hey guys.

STELLA
Need some help?

RYAN
No, I got it.

It takes some effort, but he does, indeed, get it.

TAYLOR
We'll see you tonight, right?

RYAN
Looking forward to it!

TAYLOR
Good.

Taylor and Stella move on.

FADE OUT.

THE END